rum-muffel

a rumlad/morgenmuffel collaboration

MY VERY FIRST COLLABORATION ZINE! IT COULD ALSO HAVE BEEN CALLED MUFF-LAD. ME & STEVE WENT ON AN ADVENTURE TOGETHER, THEN DREW ABOUT IT. I SORTA SCRIBBLED, AND HE DREW.

MY NEXT ZINE WILL BE 'BACK TO NORMAL' BUT IN THE MEANTIME YOU ALSO CAN ACQUIRE A MORGENMUFFEL BOOK! OH YES! LAST HOURS COLLECTIVE HAVE PUBLISHED A COLLECTION OF MY COMICS CALLED 'DIARY OF A MISCREANT' - IT'S 112 PAGES, LOOKS LIKE A PROPER COMIC BOOK SO GET IT FROM WWW.LASTHOURS.ORG.UK!

I'M OFF TO COPENHAGEN & THE CLIMATE SUMMIT IN A COUPLE WEEKS WHERE I'LL HOPEFULLY NOT FREEZE TO DEATH BUT HAVE AN INTERESTING TIME INSTEAD. SO EXPECT TALES OF THAT IN MORGENMUFFEL #19 & TIL THEN, TA!

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THESE PAST FEW MONTHS MY HAIR HAS MANAGED TO GROW FAR TOO LONG. I FIRST NOTICED THIS WHILST HAVING TO CONSTANTLY BRUSH IT OUT OF MY EYES AS I ROCKED OUT TO THE HORROR AT MEANS TO AN END FESTIVAL THIS YEAR. EVERY EXPERIENCE I'VE HAD GETTING IT CUT MIND, HAS BEEN A WHITE KNUCKLE ONE. I HATE, HATE, HATE DOING IT. EVER SINCE I WAS 17 AND I HEARD THE LAD CUTTING IT MUTTER 'OH SHIT' UNDER HIS BREATH AFTER AN APPARENTLY OVER ZEALOUS SNIP (AND AS A RESULT, LIVING THE NEXT FEW MONTHS UNDERNEATH A HAT), I'VE NOT BEEN KEEN. MY OPTIONS ARE EITHER SHAVING IT OFF (AND LOOK LIKE A TODDLER) OR BRAVING IT MYSELF, THOUGH I DON'T TRUST MYSELF WITH A PAIR OF SCISSORS AT THE BEST OF TIMES... HO HUM

SOMEONE TOLD ME THAT A 'RUM MUFFEL' SOUNDED COSY. IT SOUNDS EDIBLE TO ME. BOTH ARE WRONG, 'COS IT'S A ZINE.

STEVE

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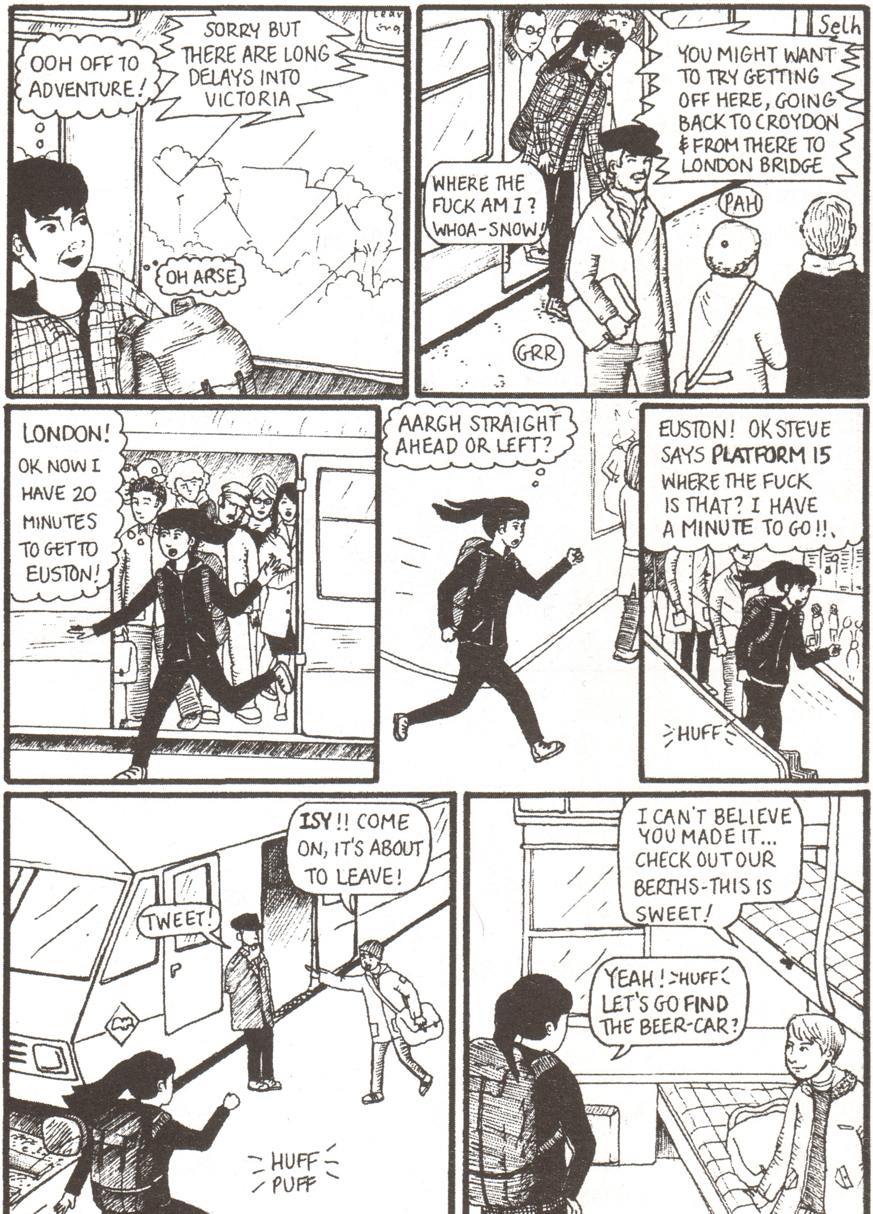
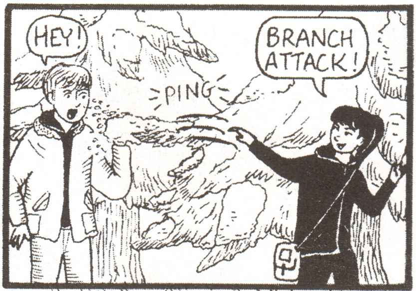

OOH OFF TO ADVENTURE!
SORRY BUT THERE ARE LONG DELAYS INTO VICTORIA
OH ARSE
WHERE THE FUCK AM I? WHOA-SNOW!
YOU MIGHT WANT TO TRY GETTING OFF HERE, GOING BACK TO CROYDON & FROM THERE TO LONDON BRIDGE
PAH
GRR
LONDON! OK NOW I HAVE 20 MINUTES TO GET TO EUSTON!
AARGH STRAIGHT AHEAD OR LEFT?
EUSTON! OK STEVE SAYS PLATFORM 15 WHERE THE FUCK IS THAT? I HAVE A MINUTE TO GO!!
HUFF
ISY!! COME ON, IT'S ABOUT TO LEAVE!
TWEET!
HUFF PUFF
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU MADE IT... CHECK OUT OUR BERTHS-THIS IS SWEET!
YEAH! HUFF LET'S GO FIND THE BEER-CAR?

SO, AFTER A TRAIN JOURNEY WHICH LEFT ME SOME WHAT SLEEP DEPRIVED, WE ARRIVED IN AVIEMORE. UPON A QUICK INSPECTION OF THE TOWN, WE SOON NOTICED A DISTINCT LACK OF MOVEMENT. IT APPEARED THAT THE HEAVY SNOWFALL OF THE PREVIOUS NIGHT HAD GROUNDED THINGS TO A HALT, INCLUDING PUBLIC TRANSPORT TO THE CAIRNGORMS NATIONAL PARK.
MOUNTAIN-SPORTS SHOP
CAFE WAMBO
WE DODGED A FEW ICY PUDDLES AND SKIDDED OUR WAY TO THE TOURIST INFO CENTRE...
EEP
SKID SKID
SHIT!
ARF
SORRY FOLKS, DUNNO
AVIEMORE INFORMATION CENTRE
...WHO KNEW ABOUT AS MUCH AS WE DID.
COFFEE
SPILL
SPILL
CLUNK
TO KILL SOME TIME WE DECIDED TO GET OUR CAFFEINE FIX IN A LITTLE CAFÉ ACROSS THE STREET...
BUGGERED IF I KNOW.
BUT OUR SECOND VISIT A FEW MINUTES LATER WAS ALSO UNSUCCESSFUL.
GO AWAY
OUR BACKPACKS FEELING A LITTLE HEAVIER, WE WONDERED HOW WE WERE GOING TO GET TO OUR DESTINATION.
DUDS, LIFT?
SWEET!
SURE THING, YO
AVIEMORE
THE CAIRNGORMS NATIONAL PARK
FORTUNATELY, WE FOUND A COUPLE OF FRIENDLY SKIERS WHO WERE HEADING THE SAME WAY AND GADZOOKS! THERE WERE A COUPLE OF SEATS FREE!
HUFF
PUFF
HOSTEL!
WE WERE DROPPED OFF AND BEGAN OUR SHORT WALK TO THE HOSTEL. THROUGH ABOUT 2 FOOT OF SNOW. THIS WAS THE FIRST REALISATION THAT TRAINERS ARE PROBABLY INSUFFICENT FOOT-WEAR FOR HIKING.
CHAW!
DRAT

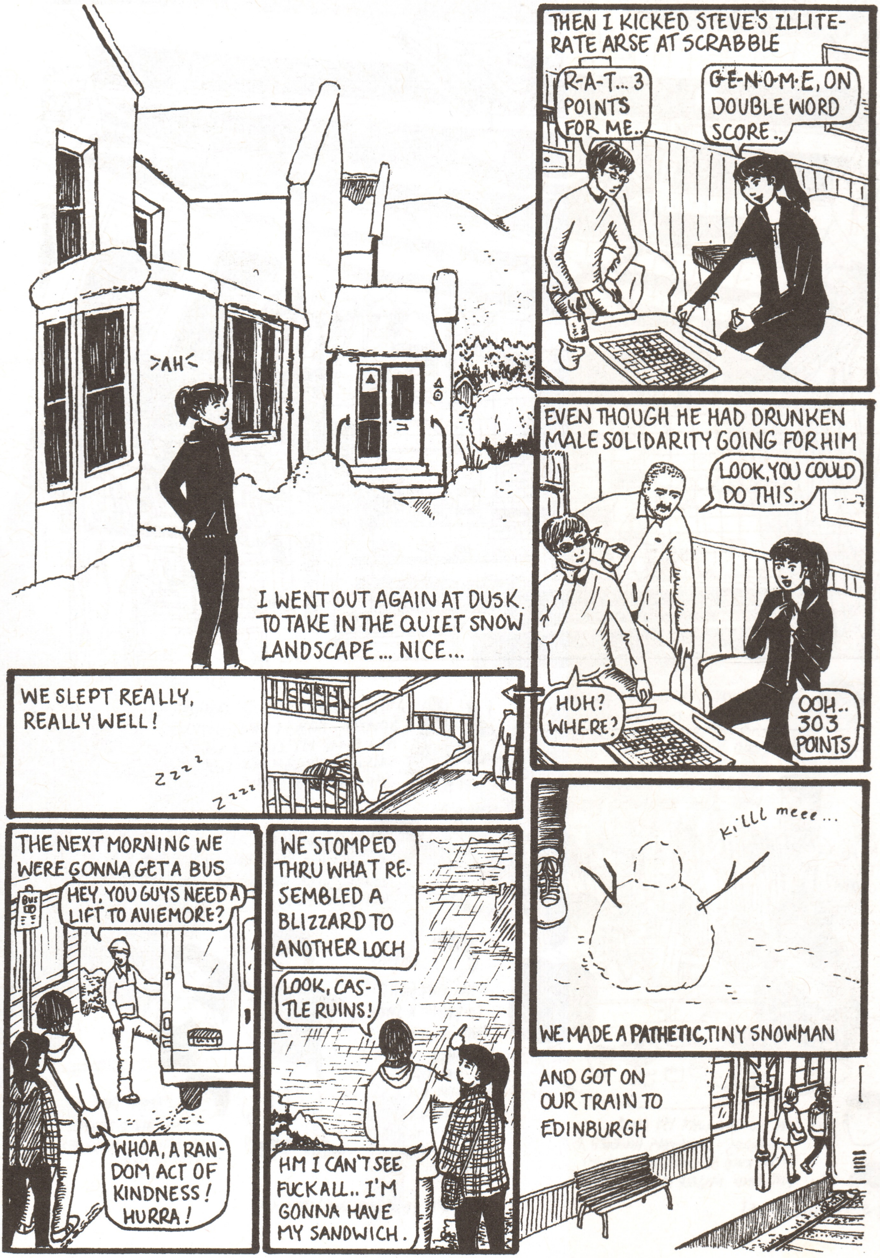


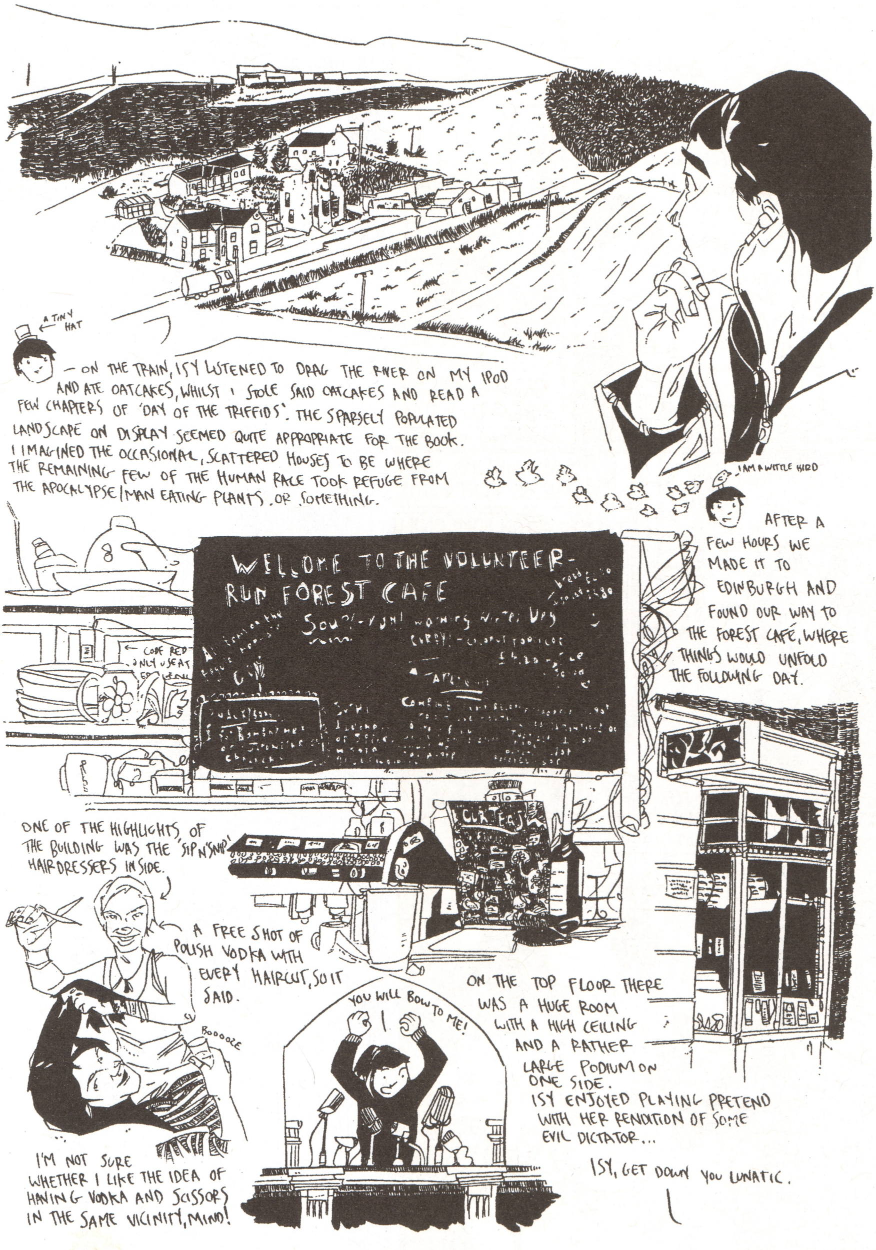
WE WERE REALLY INAPPROPRIATELY DRESSED, WHICH SEEMED TO BE SOME KIND OF AFFRONT TO THE OUTDOORS INDUSTRY. WE GOT MANY A LOOK OF PITY

OUR SNOW ROUTE EVENTUALLY TOOK US HERE...
YOU LOOK WELL SMART
CHEERS DUCK
LOOK! A BOTHY!
A WHAT?
WE SAT INSIDE AND HAD A BREATHER WHILST DOODLING IN THE GUESTBOOK. THE SKIERS WHO WERE THERE ALREADY, TOLD US THAT FURTHER UP, THE SNOW WAS SOMETHING LIKE FOUR FOOT DEEP...
FOR A WHILE I WAS SO CONCERNED WITH DOCUMENTING THE SCENERY THAT I ALMOST FORGOT TO GAZE BEYOND THE FRAMED IMAGE ON MY CAMERA'S SCREEN.
I TURN IT OFF AND TRY TO OPEN MY EYES AS MUCH AS I CAN, BUT THERE IS SIMPLY TOO MUCH TO TAKE IN...
WORDS FAIL ME AND I STARE IN SILENCE AT THE LANDSCAPE IN FRONT OF ME
BWUH?
COME ON NOBHEAD, LETS GO...

EVERYWHERE THE SNOW WAS PILED HIGH!
HEEHEE, I PUNCHED STRAIGHT THROUGH!
OOH, WONDER IF I CAN DO THE SAME WITH MY HEAD?
Loch Morlich
HIPPIE
THIS IS INCREDIBLE! ..BUT I COULD REALLY DO WITH A CUP O' TEA RIGHT NOW..
CHECK OUT MY SODDEN FEETS!

AFTER MUCH TREKKING, WE FOUND OUR WAY BACK TO A WEE CAFÉ NEAR OUR HOSTEL. WE TREATED OURSELVES TO CHIPS AND HIPPY TEA. WIN.
WET FEETS.
SITTING DOWN WITH A DISTINCT 'SQUELCH' NOISE, I FIRST NOTICED HOW DAMP MY CLOTHES WERE. WALKING THROUGH TWO FOOT OF SNOW WILL DO THAT...
OUR SEATS OVERLOOKED A FOREST WITH SOME BIRDHOUSES RESTING ON THE BRANCHES
LOOK AT ALL THE CHICKENS!
EH?
CHICKENS?
CHIPS
SUKKA
I'VE NO IDEA WHY ISY CALLS ALL BIRDS CHICKENS. HOWEVER, I FIND IT KIND OF ENDEARING NOW, AND FIND MYSELF DOING IT TOO...
CHIIIIIIICKENS!
SPENDING ALL DAY IN THE MOUNTAINS ON LITTLE SLEEP HAD FINALLY RUN IT'S COURSE, SO WE RETIRED TO THE HOSTEL TO GET SOME REST.
LACKING THE FORESIGHT TO BRING A SPARE PAIR OF JEANS* AS THE ONES I'D WORN ALL DAY DRIED ON A RADIATOR, ISY WAS TEMPORARILY TREATED (BLINDED) TO THE SIGHT OF ME IN MY SMALLS
MY EYEEEES!
RAD
AFTER THAT TRAUMATIC EXPERIENCE WE BOTH HAD OURSELVES A POWER NAP.
* APPARENTLY I DONT THINK THINGS THROUGH, EH?

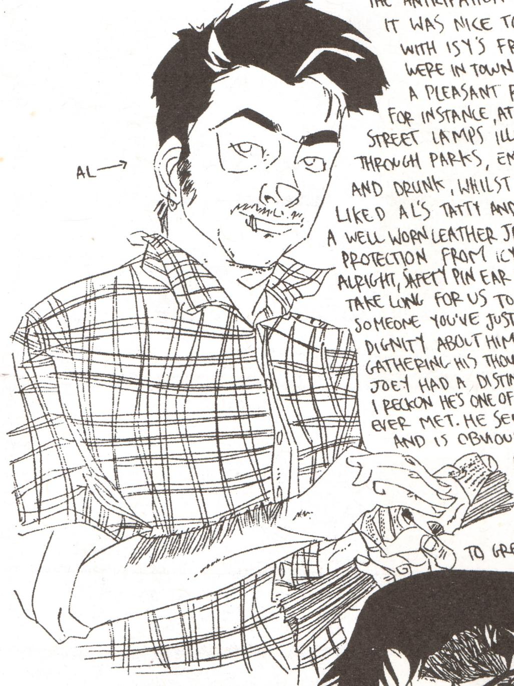

>AH<
I WENT OUT AGAIN AT DUSK. TO TAKE IN THE QUIET SNOW LANDSCAPE... NICE...
THEN I KICKED STEVE'S ILLITE-RATE ARSE AT SCRABBLE
R-A-T... 3 POINTS FOR ME..
G-E-N-O-M-E, ON DOUBLE WORD SCORE..
EVEN THOUGH HE HAD DRUNKEN MALE SOLIDARITY GOING FOR HIM
LOOK, YOU COULD DO THIS..
HUH? WHERE?
OOH.. 303 POINTS
WE SLEPT REALLY, REALLY WELL!
ZZZZ
ZZZZ
THE NEXT MORNING WE WERE GONNA GET A BUS
HEY, YOU GUYS NEED A LIFT TO AVIEMORE?
WHOA, A RAN-DOM ACT OF KINDNESS! HURRA!
WE STOMPED THRU WHAT RE-SEMBLED A BLIZZARD TO ANOTHER LOCH
LOOK, CAS-TLE RUINS!
HM I CAN'T SEE FUCK ALL.. I'M GONNA HAVE MY SANDWICH.
killl meee...
WE MADE A PATHETIC, TINY SNOWMAN
AND GOT ON OUR TRAIN TO EDINBURGH



A TINY HAT
– ON THE TRAIN, ISY LISTENED TO DRAG THE RIVER ON MY IPOD AND ATE OATCAKES, WHILST I STOLE SAID OATCAKES AND READ A FEW CHAPTERS OF 'DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS'. THE SPARSELY POPULATED LANDSCAPE ON DISPLAY SEEMED QUITE APPROPRIATE FOR THE BOOK. I IMAGINED THE OCCASIONAL, SCATTERED HOUSES TO BE WHERE THE REMAINING FEW OF THE HUMAN RACE TOOK REFUGE FROM THE APOCALYPSE/MAN EATING PLANTS, OR SOMETHING.
I AM A WITTLE BIRD
AFTER A FEW HOURS WE MADE IT TO EDINBURGH AND FOUND OUR WAY TO THE FOREST CAFÉ, WHERE THINGS WOULD UNFOLD THE FOLLOWING DAY.
WELCOME TO THE VOLUNTEER-RUN FOREST CAFE
ONE OF THE HIGHLIGHTS OF THE BUILDING WAS THE 'SIP'N'SNIP' HAIRDRESSERS INSIDE.
A FREE SHOT OF POLISH VODKA WITH EVERY HAIRCUT, SO IT SAID.
BOOOOOZE
I'M NOT SURE WHETHER I LIKE THE IDEA OF HAVING VODKA AND SCISSORS IN THE SAME VICINITY, MIND!
YOU WILL BOW TO ME!
ON THE TOP FLOOR THERE WAS A HUGE ROOM WITH A HIGH CEILING AND A RATHER LARGE PODIUM ON ONE SIDE.
ISY ENJOYED PLAYING PRETEND WITH HER RENDITION OF SOME EVIL DICTATOR...
ISY, GET DOWN YOU LUNATIC.

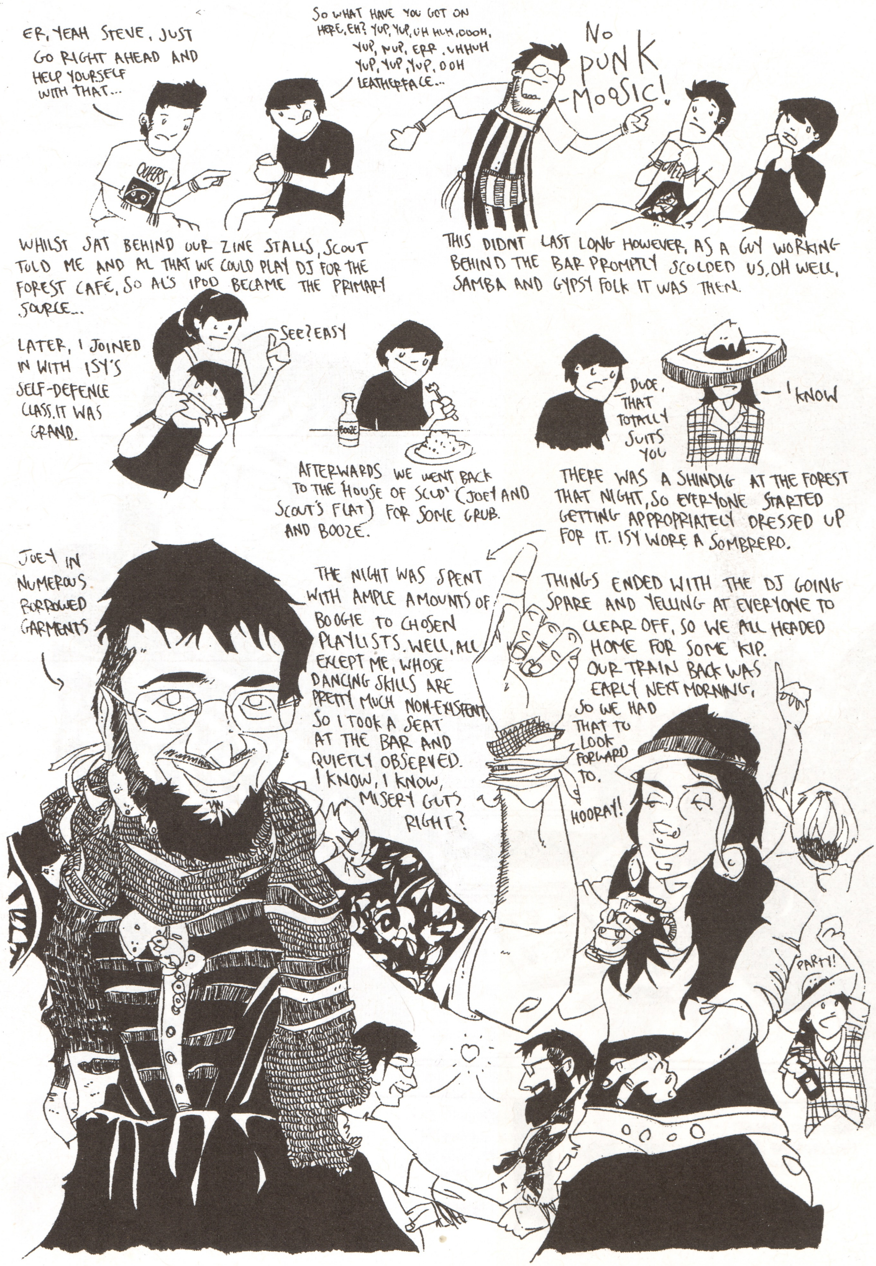
SO WE WERE THERE FOR THE AMAZING
Don't DIY Alone!
FEST, "EDINBURGH AND BEYOND CELEBRATE DIY CULTURE AND COMMUNITY SELF-RELIANCE!"
OOH LOOK, HERB STUDY!
BOOKBINDING!
STICKN POKE TATTOOS! AW, GONNA MISS THAT ONE..
UH... HI..UM I'M GONNA TALK ABOUT HOW AND WHAT WE EAT.. WHAT'S THE WEIRD FEEDBACK NOISE?
HELP!
BLA BLA
CHATTER
SOMEHOW, INSTEAD OF A LIL' CHAT AROUND A POTLUCK THAT I'D IMAGINED, I DID A TALK TO A ROOM FULL OF PEOPLE!
OH MY GOD THAT WAS TERRIFYING! WHERE IS LOTS OF BEER??!
1AM: WE WENT BACK TO OUR MATES' FLAT & GOT DRUNK
OH, SOMEONE LEFT THAT CIDER AGES AGO.. IT'S PROBABLY OFF..
MMH WHISKY
3 AM:
OOH LOOK! CIDER! COOL!
ON SATURDAY, WE SOLD OUR WARES AT THE ZINE FEST
SO, WHO'S GONNA SELL MORE ZINES THEN? WANNA BET?

I ALWAYS LOOK FORWARD TO THE TIME OF YEAR WHEN THE NIGHTS DRAW IN EARLIER AND THE COLD AIR MAKES YOUR BREATH VISIBLE. A GOOD, CHILLY WALK HOME IS WORTH IT FOR THE ANTICIPATION OF A COSY DESTINATION AWAITING YOU. IT WAS NICE TO BE ABLE TO GET AQUAINTED WITH ISY'S FRIENDS AND OUR HOSTS WHILST WE WERE IN TOWN; EDINBURGH'S HISTORIC SCENERY WAS A PLEASANT BACKDROP TO GET TO KNOW SOMEONE IN. FOR INSTANCE, AT NIGHT, GLOWING BIKELIGHTS AND STREET LAMPS ILLUMINATED OUR PATHS TO AND FRO THROUGH PARKS, EMPTY, SAVE FOR THE OCCASIONAL COUPLE AND DRUNK, WHILST WE TALKED AND SHARED STORIES. I LIKED AL'S TATTY AND FADED QUEERS T-SHIRT, UNDERNEATH A WELL WORN LEATHER JACKET, WHICH I IMAGINE PROVIDED LITTLE PROTECTION FROM ICY TEMPERATURES. HE WAS A PUNK ROCKER ALRIGHT, SAFETY PIN EAR RINGS AND RIPPED JEANS (FUCK YEAH). IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR US TO ENGAGE BEYOND BASIC PLEASANTRIES OF SOMEONE YOU'VE JUST MET, AL SEEMED TO HAVE A QUIET DIGNITY ABOUT HIM WHILST APPARENTLY CONSIDERING AND GATHERING HIS THOUGHTS PROPERLY BEFORE RESPONDING. JOEY HAD A DISTINCT LACK OF PRETENSE IN HIS DEMEANOR, I RECKON HE'S ONE OF THE MOST GENTLE AND FRIENDLY PEOPLE I'VE EVER MET. HE SEEMED TO WEAR HIS HEART ON HIS SLEEVE AND IS OBVIOUSLY A DREAMER (NOT TO MENTION A GOOD LAD. HIS BOOTS LOOKED WELL WORN AND HE TOLD ME ABOUT THE TIME HE VISITED A FRIEND IN THE CZECH REPUBLIC, WHERE HAVING STEPPED OUT OF A TAXI TO GREET AND HUG SAID FRIEND, HE SUDDENLY REALISED HIS BACKPACK, AND THE TAXI WERE ELSEWHERE. OOPS. HE SUMMED IT UP WITH A SHRUG.



SCOUT CARRIED HERSELF WITH AN AIR OF EFFORTLESS CONFIDENCE, PARTICULARLY WHILST BIKE RIDING! SHE WAS IN THE PROCESS OF KNITTING A PAIR OF FINGERLESS GLOVES FOR JOEY AND WHILE I THINK ABOUT IT, SHE WAS CONSTANTLY BUSY WITH SOMETHING OR OTHER. ALSO, HER AUSTRALIAN ACCENT WAS WAY COOL.

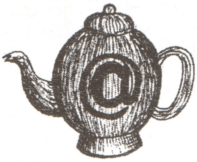
EDINBURGH'S A PRETTY CITY! YOU GET A GREAT, FREE VIEW WITHOUT STRENUOUS CLIMBING FROM THE MUSEUM ROOF TERRACE!
LOOK, WE COULD ALSO WALK UP ARTHURS' SEAT!
BUT..THAT WOULD BE SO MUCH...EFFORT...
AND INSIDE, YOU CAN SEE DOLLY THE SHEEP!!
I DON'T GET IT..WHERE ARE THE CLONES??
OOH STEAM ENGINES...
WE WALKED THRU TOWN ADMIRING THE MANY DARK OLD CHURCHES
METAL RATING?
IT GETS 5 OUT OF 10 FROM ME..
WHOA LOOK HOW BLACK THAT ONE IS!
7 OUT OF 10, AT LEAST!
8- COS LOOK IT HAS GAR-GOYLES!!
BUT THE SCOTTS MONUMENT BEATS 'EM ALL- IT'S MORE METAL THAN SLAYER
YEAH!
ROCK!


ER, YEAH STEVE, JUST GO RIGHT AHEAD AND HELP YOURSELF WITH THAT...
SO WHAT HAVE YOU GOT ON HERE, EH? YUP, YUP, UH HUH, OOOH, YUP, NUP, ERR, UHHUH YUP, YUP, YUP, OOH LEATHERFACE...
QUEERS
WHILST SAT BEHIND OUR ZINE STALLS, SCOUT TOLD ME AND AL THAT WE COULD PLAY DJ FOR THE FOREST CAFÉ, SO AL'S IPOD BECAME THE PRIMARY SOURCE...
NO PUNK -MOOSIC!
THIS DIDNT LAST LONG HOWEVER, AS A GUY WORKING BEHIND THE BAR PROMPTLY SCOLDED US, OH WELL, SAMBA AND GYPSY FOLK IT WAS THEN.
LATER, I JOINED IN WITH ISY'S SELF-DEFENCE CLASS. IT WAS GRAND.
SEE? EASY
BOOZE
AFTERWARDS WE WENT BACK TO THE HOUSE OF SCUD' (JOEY AND SCOUT'S FLAT) FOR SOME GRUB AND BOOZE.
DUDE, THAT TOTALLY SUITS YOU
- I KNOW
THERE WAS A SHINDIG AT THE FOREST THAT NIGHT, SO EVERYONE STARTED GETTING APPROPRIATELY DRESSED UP FOR IT. ISY WORE A SOMBRERO.
JOEY IN NUMEROUS BORROWED GARMENTS
THE NIGHT WAS SPENT WITH AMPLE AMOUNTS OF BOOGIE TO CHOSEN PLAYLISTS. WELL, ALL EXCEPT ME, WHOSE DANCING SKILLS ARE PRETTY MUCH NON-EXISTENT, SO I TOOK A SEAT AT THE BAR AND QUIETLY OBSERVED. I KNOW, I KNOW, MISERY GUTS RIGHT?
THINGS ENDED WITH THE DJ GOING SPARE AND YELLING AT EVERYONE TO CLEAR OFF, SO WE ALL HEADED HOME FOR SOME KIP. OUR TRAIN BACK WAS EARLY NEXT MORNING, SO WE HAD THAT TO LOOK FORWARD TO.
HOORAY!
PARTY!

ON OUR WAY HOME.

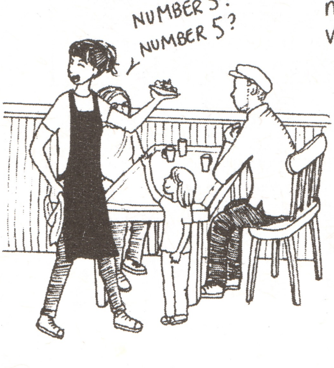
Resistance is Fertile!!

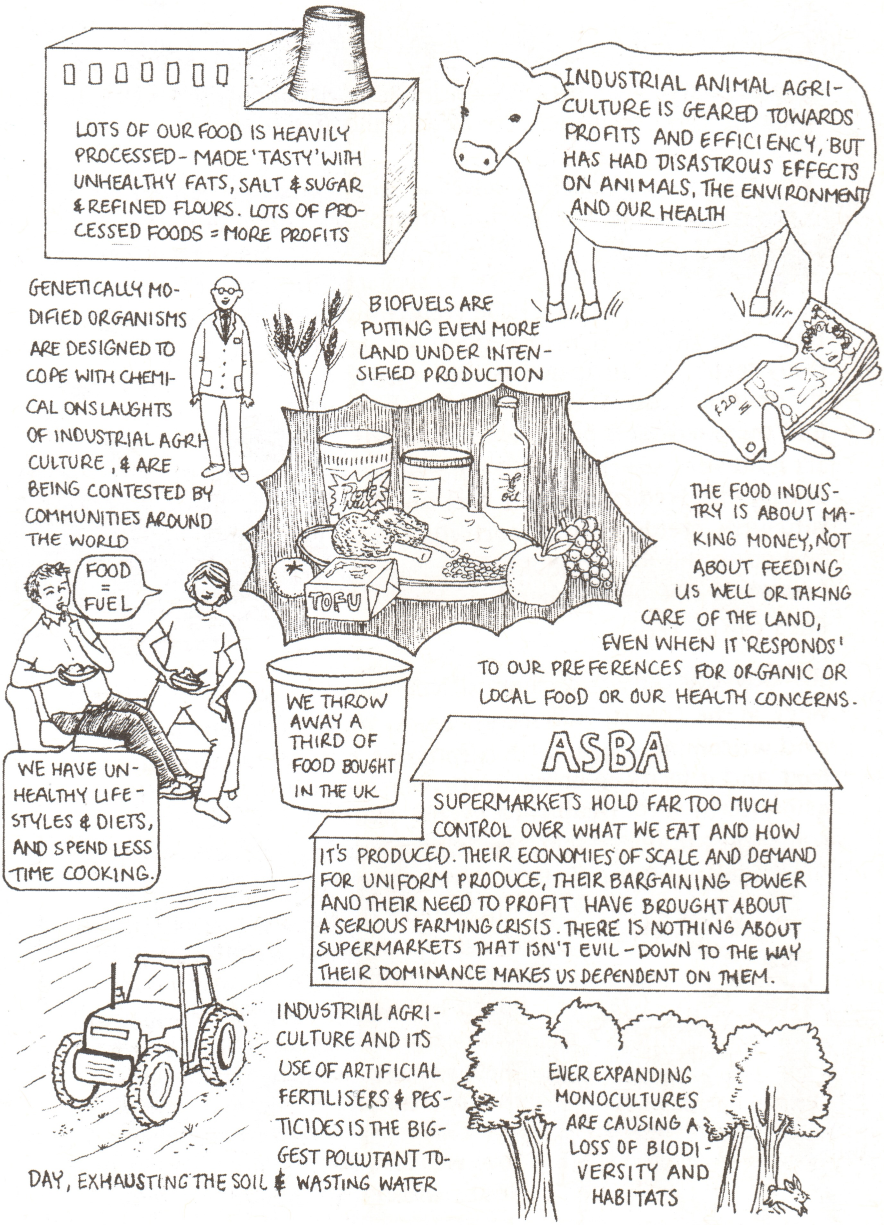
This is based on a talk I've held in Edinburgh and other places - thanks to Alice Trapese for developing it with me!



I've been involved in food-related projects for many years now. The **Anarchist Teapot Mobile Kitchen** is an all-volunteer collective; we cook at events that we want to support. This can be a community fair or a huge protest mobilisation, a weekend conference or mobile demonstration. We cook vegan, mostly organic food, keep it as cheap as possible (we're not trying to make profits for anyone!), can set up in a field or shed and try to have lots of fun when cooking! It's hard work sometimes but putting my energy into feeding people I feel an affinity with, creating good food with friends, and doing this for love not money is really rewarding (though admittedly, not everyone's cup of tea!)

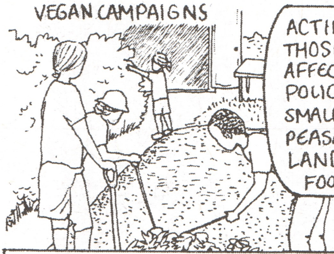
The **Cowley Café** is a vegan, all-volunteer-run cafe open 4 days a week in the Cowley Club social centre. We aim to create a friendly and welcoming space, with affordable, freshly cooked healthy food and a focus on community, not consumption. It's been going, fairly successfully, for over 6 years now. Of course it's sometimes really chaotic, we have problems with volunteers, or varying quality of food, and sometimes it's depressingly messy, or quiet. On the whole though, it's a valuable and well-used resource that's both good for providing decent, vegetable based hot meals and for developing volunteers' confidence in the kitchen. These projects are just two of many that are aiming to improve our alienated and exploitative relationship to how we cook, eat and produce our food. What's wrong with how we eat today??



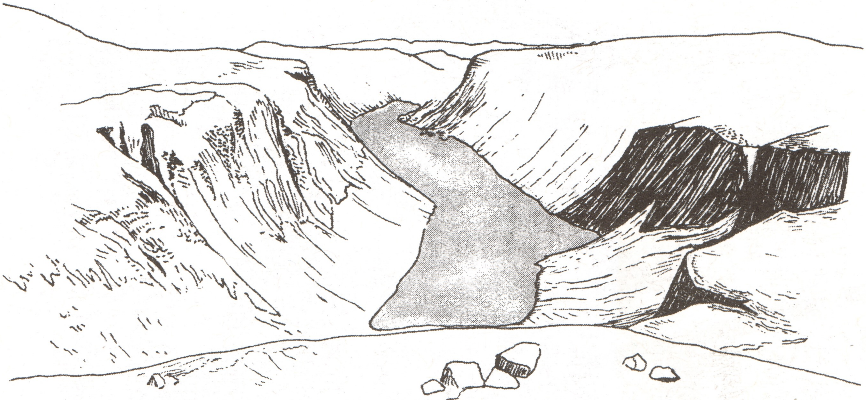

LOTS OF OUR FOOD IS HEAVILY PROCESSED - MADE 'TASTY' WITH UNHEALTHY FATS, SALT & SUGAR & REFINED FLOURS. LOTS OF PROCESSED FOODS = MORE PROFITS
INDUSTRIAL ANIMAL AGRICULTURE IS GEARED TOWARDS PROFITS AND EFFICIENCY, BUT HAS HAD DISASTROUS EFFECTS ON ANIMALS, THE ENVIRONMENT AND OUR HEALTH
GENETICALLY MODIFIED ORGANISMS ARE DESIGNED TO COPE WITH CHEMICAL ONSLAUGHTS OF INDUSTRIAL AGRICULTURE, & ARE BEING CONTESTED BY COMMUNITIES AROUND THE WORLD
BIOFUELS ARE PUTTING EVEN MORE LAND UNDER INTENSIFIED PRODUCTION
£20
TOFU
THE FOOD INDUSTRY IS ABOUT MAKING MONEY, NOT ABOUT FEEDING US WELL OR TAKING CARE OF THE LAND, EVEN WHEN IT 'RESPONDS' TO OUR PREFERENCES FOR ORGANIC OR LOCAL FOOD OR OUR HEALTH CONCERNS.
FOOD = FUEL
WE THROW AWAY A THIRD OF FOOD BOUGHT IN THE UK
WE HAVE UNHEALTHY LIFESTYLES & DIETS, AND SPEND LESS TIME COOKING.
ASBA
SUPERMARKETS HOLD FAR TOO MUCH CONTROL OVER WHAT WE EAT AND HOW IT'S PRODUCED. THEIR ECONOMIES OF SCALE AND DEMAND FOR UNIFORM PRODUCE, THEIR BARGAINING POWER AND THEIR NEED TO PROFIT HAVE BROUGHT ABOUT A SERIOUS FARMING CRISIS. THERE IS NOTHING ABOUT SUPERMARKETS THAT ISN'T EVIL - DOWN TO THE WAY THEIR DOMINANCE MAKES US DEPENDENT ON THEM.
INDUSTRIAL AGRICULTURE AND ITS USE OF ARTIFICIAL FERTILISERS & PESTICIDES IS THE BIGGEST POLLUTANT TODAY, EXHAUSTING THE SOIL & WASTING WATER
EVER EXPANDING MONOCULTURES ARE CAUSING A LOSS OF BIODIVERSITY AND HABITATS

What do people do about this?

VEG BOX SCHEMES
FOOD CO-OPS
DESTROYING GENETIC TEST SITES
COMMUNITY GARDENS
FARMERS MARKETS
FOOD NOT BOMBS
SEED SAVING AND SEED SWAPPING
HEALTHY EATING CLASSES
ALLOTMENT ORGANISATIONS
SOCIAL MOVEMENTS AND CAMPAIGNS
RESISTANCE TO DEVELOPMENTS E.G. SUPERMARKETS
FARMERS MARKETS
PRODUCER/GROWER CO-OPS
LAND OCCUPATIONS
VEGAN CAMPAIGNS



* **Food Sovereignity** is a term coined by Via Campesina, a global peasant movements' network, to describe locally controlled, less exploitative food systems, not subject to the demands of free trade and corporate interests but dictated by the needs of a local community. Via Campesina members range from French anti-GM farmers to Korean agricultural associations to the MST of Brasil, the landless peasants' movement who have occupied huge areas of land to live and work on collectively.
www.viacampesina.org

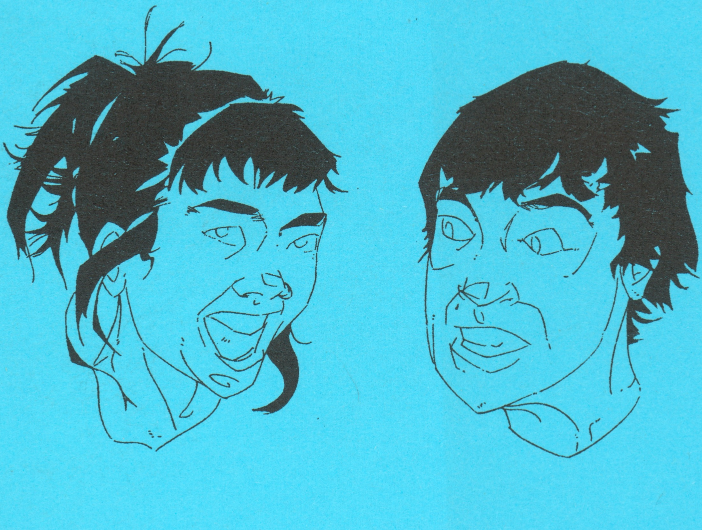


The Scottish mountain range called Am Monadh Ruadh is known as the Cairngorms and it's a beautiful, wide area of wilderness - mountains, lakes, valleys, pine and birch forests and forest bogs. It's one of the biggest road-less areas in Britain and holds one of the largest areas of Boreal forest in the UK. It was formed 40 million years ago before the last ice age and has rocks hundreds of millions of years old.

18 munros, ie mountains over 3000 foot high, are linked by a granite plateau. The landscape is more like arctic Canada than what we're used to in Britain. Deep valleys hollowed by ice age glaciers cut through the mountains such as the amazing Lairig Ghru.

The whole area is great for low and mid level walking or proper mountain climbing too. You can walk for miles and stop off at the various bothies strewn around the national park that are free to stay in.

Unfortunately, some of it's marred by a ski resort, as well as a furnicular railway up Cairngorm Mountain. However it's still probably the closest to wilderness you'll get in Britain.

This is a funny chicken thing that I once saw on Cairngorm which is seasonally camouflaged so it's white in the winter. It's found at high elevations only.

MAKALA